I'm sick, you're tired, let's dance
Break to love make, lust

I know it isn't I'm sick, you're tired, let's dance, dance, dance

Cold as numbers but let's dance As though it were easy
for you to lead me
I could be passive
gracefully

Half the horizon's gone, sky-line of numbers, half the horizon's gone, work in' the numbers 'til I'm sick

Sleep don't pacify us until Day-break sky lights up
the grid we live in Dizzy when we talk so fast

Fields of numbers streaming past I wish we were farmers

I wish we knew how to grow sweet potatoes and milk cows

I wish we were lovers but it's for the best
To-night your ghost will ask my ghost "Where is the love?" To-night your ghost will ask my ghost "Who is in line for a raise?" To-night your ghost will ask my ghost "Who put these bodies between us?"